

# THE LADY'S

OR,

# WEEKLY



# MISCELLANY;

THE

# VISITOR.

FOR THE USE AND AMUSEMENT OF BOTH SEXES.

VOL. XII.]

Saturday, February 2,....1811.

[no. 15.

## ALBERT AND EMMA.

*(An Interesting Tale.)*

While the good old man was recounting the occasion of his flight, and the designs formed by Morenzi to betray the innocence of Emma, the rage of Albert rose beyond all bounds; and he solemnly vowed, that the monster who had thus injured him by complicated villainy should fall the devoted victim of his avenging arm. 'But where,' said he, 'is my incomparable, my glorious Emma? Let me, by my presence reassure her tender apprehensions, and swear no fate shall separate us more; but that from this moment she shall find in her devoted Albert, the protector of her innocence, the champion of her honour, the avenger of her wrongs!' At that instant a carriage drove furiously into the yard, and two persons alighted from it, in one of whom, as it was now day, Albert recognized Morenzi. The impulse of the moment induced him to follow the baron. They

entered a room at the same time,—Villain, traitor, usurper, exclaimed Albert, shutting the door, and inattentive to his own unarmed situation, defend thyself, if thou darest encounter the just resentment of Henry de Clairville, whose mother's blood demands the justice of a son's revenge, from a son who calls upon thee to ex-plate with thy life thy monstrous crimes.' The coward heart of Morenzi, struck with the horror of all conscious guilt, froze in his bosom; and he stood fixed in mute wonder and dismay.—The count de Bournonville, accompanied by Bernard and his attendants, had joined by this time, the unarmed Albert, who might have fallen a victim to the baron's resentment, had not a sense of his own villainy, together with his astonishment and terror at the sight of the injured son of Clairville arrested the trembling arm of Morenzi. The cautious friends of Albert, almost dragged him from the room, and leaving Du Val only

with Morenzi, fastened the door upon them, which was guarded on the outside by the court's armed retinue to prevent an escape. The baron had caught a view of Fargeon, and recollecting in him the man, whom he had employed to assassinate the young Henry, he felt a strong and fatal pre-sage of his own impending fate! His brain was seized with sudden desperation; he snatched from his pocket a loaded pistol, and before Du Val could rest the weapon from his hand, he lodged its contents in his own head, and fell thus self-convicted, the devoted sacrifice of his conscious and accumulated crimes!

Du Val, terrified, flew to a window, and throwing open the sash, proclaimed murder, in a voice so audible that he instantly collected together a concourse of persons, who, urged by curiosity, surrounded the house, and demanded admittance into the room from whence the alarm proceeded; the affrighted landlord likewise peremptorily claimed liberty to enter; which being granted, on condition that the prisoners should not be suffered to escape, they rushed into the room, found the baron lifeless, and Du Val leaning over his

dead master, with looks expressive of horror and consternation. When Albert viewed his fallen enemy, he stood for some moments wrapt in silent wonder—then exclaimed, 'Chaste shade of my departed mother, be appeased! The arm, which shed thy guiltless blood, has in his own revenged thee, and marks by this dread deed of justice the unerring hand of heavenly retribution.' He then quitted the apartment, and withdrew with the count de Bournoaville, who had given orders that proper attention to the body should be paid.—They now consulted what measures they should take to conceal from Emma a catastrophe so fatal, till they could remove her from this horrid scene.

Bernard determined to go to his daughter's chamber; and undertook with cautious tenderness to unfold to her the extraordinary circumstance, that Albert and the count had alighted from their chaise at the moment of Emma's arrival.

Harrassed by the violent agitations of mind and body which she had undergone, Emma had enjoyed for some time the most refreshing and profound repose; from which she was roused at length by

confused sounds of voices, that proceeded from below.— She started up, and recollecting all at once her perilous situation, which the height of the sun beaming through the curtains, painted in strong colours, she felt her apprehensions of pursuit renewed ; hastening therefore to adjust her dress, she tied on her straw bonnet, with an intent to rejoin her father, when he suddenly entered, and tenderly enquiring after her health, he found her so apprehensive of danger from the interval of time, which they had lost at the inn, that he ventured to inform her of Albert's arrival, and of his waiting impatiently to be admitted to her presence. The glowing blush of momentary pleasure animated her lovely cheek, but instantly retreating was succeeded by a deadly paleness. ‘Ah, my father,’ said she, ‘how shall I avoid him? We must meet no more—I have taught my heart to renounce each fond idea, which it had dared to form. Honour demands the sacrifice. Let us fly then from redoubled danger.’ ‘O my exalted girl,’ interrupted Bernard, while tears of transport glistened in his eyes ; ‘Well dost thou deserve the bright reward, which now

awaits thy courage and thy virtue : descend with me into the garden, where thou may'st guiltless behold again the worthy Albert, thy faithful lover, and thy destined husband.— Let me lead thee to him, he shall resolve thy timid doubts, and banish that incredulity, which speaks in thy countenance.’ Emma followed her father in silent astonishment, to a small shrubbery at the end of a serpentine-walk, where Albert waited her approach, when in an instant, she beheld him at her feet. ‘Receive,’ said he, with a look of rapture, ‘the heart, the hand of Albert, or rather of Henry de Clairville, the lawful heir of that usurped castle and its wide domains. I hail thee mistress of those sacred shades, where first my vows of constancy and love were offered in the attesting eye of heaven! With in those hallowed walls a solemn ceremony shall bind our faith—the baron de Morenzi is no more.

‘Alas,’ interrupted Emma, in a tremulous voice, ‘has Albert then drenched his sword in blood! do I behold a murderer?’ ‘No, replied her lover, ‘Morenzi fell the victim of his conscience, and of heaven's avenging judgment. Ac-

cept a guiltless hand, a constant heart, and a name unsullied. The count de Bournonville at this instant reached the spot, when the young lover presented to him the fair object of his affections, whom he saluted with respect and cordiality, felicitating them both on the approaching happiness.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

THE  
MONK OF THE GROTTO.

*A Tale.*

*(Continued)*

The impatience the two friends experienced to learn the secret which, for two days, had been the sole object of their conversation and reflections, would not allow them to repair directly to Formignano. They entreated their guide to conduct them to Urbino, at which place they arrived by noon.

They immediately went to the Palace of Justiniani. No sooner had they stated that they came from Father Carlo, than they were introduced to

a superb apartment, where the Marchioness soon waited upon them. She was a lady of about forty years of age, whose figure, without being handsome, was characterized by an expression of kindness and sensibility, calculated to inspire the most lively interest. After having read Father Carlo's letter, her behaviour towards the two travellers became still more affectionate.

'I see, gentlemen,' said she, 'that my cousin is desirous I should communicate to you a variety of papers, which contain the history of his life. I possess, it is true, some fragments, which were sent me by a Benedictine Nun, named Sister Marcella, as well as several letters of a young person, who has been the victim of a cruel destiny. My husband has collated these manuscripts. I offer them to you, such as they are; and I consent to your taking a copy of them. All I require of you is, that you do not communicate them to any one till you shall have arrived in your own country, where you are at liberty to make what use of them you please.'

The two gentlemen pledged their word of honour to obey

the Marchioness ; they returned their thanks for her confidence, and taking leave of her, hastened to the inn, where they read the following history.

IN the midst of a fertile and romantic valley of the Apennines, between the limits of the Bolognese and the Duchy of Tuscany, is situated the Castle of Torre Vecchia, whose awful and menacing turrets, and Gothic battlements, present from afar the appearance of a fortress. An impenetrable and gloomy forest shades it on one side ; on the other, steep and inaccessible rocks rear their pointed heads, in the shape of an amphitheatre. Their barren and rugged summits form a contrast with the verdure of the pasturages which decorate their sides, whilst shrubs and flowerets, of a thousand different sorts, enamel their bases, and project their fugitive shadows over an immense meadow watered by the river Serchio.

For twelve years the count Caprara and his Countess had retired to this antique castle, the monument of the power and grandeur of their ancestors, who had formerly reigned over a considerable part of Italy. The education of an

only son occupied every moment the Count did not devote to the amusements of the chace, of which he was passionately fond ; but the cares of the parent were assisted by the more assiduous attentions of an intelligent and enlightened tutor, under whose auspices the young Engenio had, from the dawn of infancy, announced the germs of that capacity and genius which time afterwards ripened into maturity.

About a mile from Torre Vecchia, at one of the extremities of the forest, there stands a handsome modern built country villa, in which the Marquis and Marchioness Spanozzi resided best part of the year. A lovely daughter was the only fruit of their union. Tastes conformable to each other, and a reciprocal love of solitude, soon united the two families. Eugenio was about thirteen, and Virginia ten years of age. These two children loved each other with a degree of affection, which at once excited surprise and satisfaction in the souls of their fond parents.

*(To be Continued.)*

## The SPECULATOR.

NUMBER XIV.

SATURDAY, Jan. 26, 1811.

*See'st thou yon hagard wretch ? his  
birthright penury,  
His portion dire misery and corro-  
ding care,  
Mark the quivering of his nether  
lip,  
And behold how agony acute, rends  
every  
Complicated fibre of his shattered  
frame.*

DEPLORABLE indeed must be the lot of that man who willingly becomes a slave to the detestable vice of *gaming*. Who boldly or rather with temerity risk his happiness and for one upon the *cast* of a single *Die*: who can forgo the *substantial* blessings of life, and become an associate with *sharers* and *pick-pockets*; whose wishes extend no farther the precincts of a *gaming house*, and whose nights are wasted in listening to the rattle of a *Dice-Box*. Too great to enumerate are the evils resulting from *gaming*, for when that passion becomes implanted in the bosom of man, all virtues take their flight; every social feeling that tends to endear mankind

to each other and cement the union, for which they were primitively designed, must be abandoned; the world, and all its *useful* pleasures, is nothing to the gamester, and however melancholy the assertion, it is notwithstanding true, that he is in every sense of the word, lost to the world. It matters not whether he was born with the advantage of living in an exalted station or a low one, whether he is possessed of erudition, or only ranks with the *common herd*, each alike, are of no service to the community, for alas ! how frequent do we see the end of an education perverted, and the most shining talents, basely prostrated before the altar of *licentious* ? The love of *gaming* when once entered upon, gains an imperceptible ascendancy over unsuspecting youth. It leads him on step by step, with a luring aspect, until he has become completely entangled in the web of his own spinning.— Startled at the dreadful precipice upon which he finds himself drawing near, he feels something like remorse.— Conscience, that secret and never erring monitor tells him, all within is not right, he looks around with anxiety, for an opening whereby he

may effect an escape, and immediately concludes, he will begin a reform. Mistaken son of frailty ! thy doom is indubitably fixed ! every avenue of retreat hath been closed, whilst thou hast been sleeping in security. Upon minute inspection he finds the passion of gambling hath taken too deep root for eradication ; fain would he return, but cannot he becomes regardless of future consequents, and goes on heaping curses upon himself for not in time harkening to the mild and persuasive voice of reason; when the **evil** might have been remedied. The vice of gaming like all other evils is continually progressing ; it commences with small beginnings, and carries its victims, unto the most enormous lengths. When we take an impartial survey of the different scenes in which a gamester, represents himself during his pursuit after imaginary richness we feel at a loss how to conceive it possible for man to be so blind to his own welfare, as to rush impetuously on the **very rock**, that must inevitably wreck his happiness, and prove his destruction.— We find the lover of gaming commencing his career by playing for small sums, with a

select party of his own particular acquaintance, in which *perhaps*, he meets with success. Next we view him in houses of the *highest* grade, where this species of vice is exclusively followed, and practised with *impunity*. In places of this kind, the youthful mind becomes intoxicated ; every thing to *his* view is *brilliant*, every thing *external* indicates happiness : but when the novice becomes corrupted with the vices of his associates, when he gets fully initiated into their forms and customs ; his fortune ruined and his health impaired, he knows then, and not 'till then, the *internal* deformity of those wretched sons of *indigence* and *infamy*.— His funds become exhausted, his credit fails, he can no longer keep up his appearance, and at last is obliged to quit the field. Does he return to virtue, ah! no, his ears have long been shut to her call, she has supplicated him in every form, but, without success. He turns to a more despicable, order he becomes an inmate with knaves, robbers, and murderers ! his sun is now almost set, and if a period is not shortly put to his miserable existence by a just sentence of the law, he takes upon himself to be his own ex-

ecutioner. When he looks back upon his pass't life, madness seizes his brain, he shrinks not at *suicide*, but rushes unbidden, uncalled for into the presence of his *Almighty Creator, Gamester*, hast thou agg'd parents, who have tenderly guarded thy infancy? Who have with a watchful eye superintended thy education, ~~and~~ fondly hoped than wouldest have become a comfort to them in their decline of life? If yes, what then must be thy feelings, to behold their well formed and plnasing expectations cruelly blasted by thee, "and their hairs descending with sorrow to the grave." Hast thou a tender wife, for whom it is thy duty to provide, and under happy, ~~and~~ for which thou art solemnly engaged in the sight of heaven? If so, does not them, her streaming eyes, and emaciated countenance harrow up thy very soul? Hast thou children, who look up to thee for support and example? If also yes, great god, what must be the workings of thy guilty mind, when beholding thy tender partner, and her innocent and unoffending babes, involved by thy wilful neglect and vice in one common ruin! We view with just horror the

prevalence of gaming through out all Europe, particularly in her populous cities, while we witness with encreasing regret, the rapid progress it is making us our own country: Yet it is sincerely to be hoped that there are many in America, who hold this abominable vice in just abhorrence, for it is well known, that the gamester's path is thorny, his ways unpleasant, and that his *journey ultimately ends in ruin*!

\*\*\* The dialogue between *Herman* and *Mary*, cannot have a place, in the *Miscellany*. All writings representing the occurrences of life, ought to come within the pale of probability. Nothing attracts the attention more than well delineated natural incidents, but when they are destitute of nature, they produce disgust; of the latter description is the piece in question. That two lovers who apparently had been but a short time seperated, should meet and converse together without immediately recognizing each other I aver to be impossible, and the supposition nonsensical and insipid. *Rolla* must pardon me, I cannot insert either his prose or his verse the first wants connection and the latter is too old.

I have seen something very like it before. 'Winter evenings.' I must also reject for several reasons, though I wish to oblige the writer who appears to be a lady. The subject is in itself improper, not to say indelicate for a female writer, I never have heard that the setting of false teeth was attended with the consequences, she complains of, neither do I think a case of the kind could possibly occur. I should be unwilling to discourage this writer as she seems to be possessed of considerable talents, which by study and care, may be much improved; yet as a juvenile essayist she ought to beware of prolixity, as I have known it spoil the most promising beginners, Cowper's fables are in the hands of almost every one extracts would therefore take up the room in this paper unnecessarily.

A. O. shall if possible receive due attention next week.

R.

We have seriously to request that future Communications for the Miscellany may not be signed 'Subscriber,' or 'Patron,' thankful at all times for the liberal encouragement of friends we must be the manager of our

own paper—and not subject ourselves to the displeasure of the many to give satisfaction to the few. EDITOR.

*For the Lady's Miscellany.*

## VARIETY.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED:

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*A Female Wanderer.*

About three months since came to the Shaker Village, near this place, a YOUNG LADY, in a State of mental Derangement, about 17 or 18 years old; of a middle stature, a good figure, fair complexion, very dark brown hair and eyebrows, full, expressive dark blue eyes, high round forehead, and very regular features.—

She has two small scars on the back of the neck, and a small scar on the back of her left hand. She appears at all times graceful, and discovers a good education and superior talents. Four weeks since she came to her reason, but cannot distinctly remember any thing past: she states her name to be MARY STEVENS; that her Father William Stevens, lived at

Lebanon Crank, Connecticut ; that he married her Step-Mother, Widow Mary Leonard, of Norwich (Conn.) when she was seven years old : that she has lived with her at Windsor, Vermont ; that she was at school with Miss Hind, in Providence, R. I. where resides her only uncle, Samuel Sabins ; that her brother, William Stevens, is an Attorney at Portland, Maine, and that her sister Clarissa married Ebenezer Lawrence, a Merchant at Portland ; she is a Twin sister to Sarah Stevens, and has several younger brothers and sisters ; she knows Mary Pettis, Sarah Fray, Lucy and Sally Smith, Lydia Eldridge, Mr. Fay, Miss Lull Burr, widow Young, Paron Loudon, Mrs. Remington, Sally Tilton, &c. She neither recollects when nor where she left her friends ; is extremely anxious, and fears her delirium will return before they find her.

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*The Pious Rogne. a Fragment.*

Have you ought more whereof your conscience should be purged ? said the venerable father Anselm, addressing a neeling sinner at the confessional. Yes, holy father, replied the

penitent. I have committed the foul sin of theft ; I have stolen this watch, will you accept it ? Me ! exclaimed the pious priest me receive the fruit of villainy ! how darest thou to tempt me to the commission of so abominable a crime ? Go instantly, return the watch to its owner. I have already offered it to him replied the culprit, and he refused to receive it again ; therefore, holy father, I beseech you to take it. Peace wretch ! rejoined Anselm, you should have repeated the offer. I did repeat it, holy father, but he persisted in the refusal ! Then I must absolve thee from the sin thou hast committed. The purified catholic had scarcely departed, when the astonished father discovered that his own watch had been stolen from the place where it had been deposited near the confessional.

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A bailiff clapping a man on the shoulder, said, "I arrest you, Sir, for a horse," "Why, thou coxcomb. (replied the man,) thou canst not be such a fool—look at me again, what Ekeness can you see : I'll shew you a horse's trick, however," and giving him a sudden kick, left him in the kennel and ran off.

*SINGULAR ANECDOTE.*

The following most extraordinary event happened in Lincolnshire, last autumn, and may be relied on as absolute fact.

The violence of a fall deprived, Sir Henry F. of his faculties, and he lay entranced several hours; at length his recollection returned—he faintly exclaimed, 'where am I?' and looking, found himself in the arms of a venerable old man, to whose kind offices Sir H. was probably indebted for his life. 'You revive,' said the venerable old man; 'fear not; yonder house is mine, I will support you to it; there you shall be comforted.' Sir H. expressed his gratitude. They walked gently to the house. The friendly assistance of the venerable old man and his servants restored Sir H. to his reason; his bewildered faculties were re-organized: at length he suffered no inconvenience, except that occasioned by the bruise he received in the fall. Dinner was announced and the good old man entreated Sir H. to join the party: he accepted the invitation, and was shown to a large hall, where he found sixteen covers; the party consisted of as many persons; no ladies were present.

The old man took the head of the table; an excellent dinner was served, and rational conversation gave a zest to the repast.

The gentleman on the left hand of Sir H. asked him to drink a glass of wine, when the old man in a dignified and authoritative tone, at the same time extending his hand, said, 'No!' Sir H. was astonished at the singularity of the check yet unwilling to offend, remained silent. The instant dinner was over, the old man left the room, when one of the company addressed him in the following words: 'By what misfortune, sir, have you been unhappily trapanned by that unfeeling man who has quitted the room? O, sir! you will have ample cause to curse the fatal hour that put you in his power; for you have no prospect in this world but misery and oppression—perpetually subject to the capricious humour of that old man, you will remain in this mansion for the rest of your days, your life, as mine is, will become burthensome and driven to despair, your days will glide on with regret and melancholy reflection, in one cold miserable sameness. This, alas! has been my lot for fifteen

years ; and not mine only but the lot of every one you see here since our arrival at this cursed abode ! The pathetic manner that accompanied this cheerless narrative, and the singular behaviour of the old man at dinner, awoke in Sir H.'s breast sentiments of horror, and he was lost in stupor some minutes ; when recovering, he said, ' By what authority can any man, detain me against my will ? I will not submit ; I will oppose him force to force, if necessary.' ' Ah ! sir ! ' exclaimed a second gentleman, ' your argument is just, but your threats are vain ; the old man, sir, is a magician ; we know it by fatal experience ; do not be rash, sir ; your attempt would prove futile, and your punishment would be dreadful.' ' I will endeavour to escape,' said Sir H. ' Your hopes are groundless,' rejoined a third gentleman ; ' for it was but three months ago, when in an attempt to escape, I broke my leg.' Another said he had broke his arm, and that many had been killed by falls in their endeavours to escape ; others had suddenly appeared, and never had been heard of. Sir H. was about to reply, when a servant entered the

room, and said his master wished to see him--' Do not go,' said one. ' Take my advice,' said another ; ' for God's sake do not go.' The servant told Sir H. he had nothing to fear, and begged he would follow him to his master ; he did, and found the old man seated at a table covered with a desert and wine ; he arose when Sir H. entered the room, and asked pardon for the apparent rudeness he was under the necessity of committing at dinner : ' For,' said he, ' I am Dr. Willis ; you must have heard of me : I confine my practice entirely to cases of insanity ; and as I board and lodge insane patients, mine is vulgarly called a mad-house. The persons you dined with are mad-men ; I was unwilling to tell you this before dinner, fearing it would make you uneasy ; for altho' I know them to be perfectly harmless, you might naturally have had apprehensions.' The surprise of Sir H. on hearing this was great ; but his fears subsiding, the Doctor and Sir H. passed the evening rationally and agreeably. *Lon. pap.*

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November 5th a melancholy occurrence took place in Cork. Cowen Gavin, esq. surveyor

of Excise, a gentleman of the most conciliatory manners and companionable qualities, was induced, at the solicitations of two friends to accompany them to a house at the back of the old barracks, held by me John Salmon, for the accommodation of persons who go there accompanied by females of the Cyprian order ; where having demanded entrance, and being refused, they perhaps in some degree elevated with liquor, persevered a little too pertinaciously ; when John Salmon, and a man of the name of Wm. Harris, his father-in-law, opened the door, and the latter discharged the contents of a short musket into the body of Mr. Gavin, of which he immediately expired. What makes it the more to be lamented on the part of Mr. Gavin, is, that he had but just remonstrated with one of his companions for standing before the door, and put himself in his place gently to remove him when he received the fatal slugs, which but for his friendly intervention, would most probably have been received by the other. The body remained for some time in the lane, until one of the Sheriffs, with a guard, went at an early hour on Monday morning, and had

it removed, after securing all the inhabitants found in the house, and among the rest Salmon and Harris, who are lodged in the bride-well. The latter it seems confesses that it was he who discharged the fatal piece. A Coroner's Inquest was held on the body, when after a long consultation, and after dissection of the body by Dr. Sharp, who extracted five slugs from the heart, the jury brought in a verdict of—‘ Died in consequence of a gun-shot wound from a gun discharged by the hand of Harris, aided and assisted by John Salmon.

#### *A Serious Truth.*

A labourer's daughter who had been in service from her childhood, when weary, would be frequently wishing to be married, that, as she emphatically termed it, she might *rest her bones*. Hymen at last listened to her prayers, and a neighbouring clodhopper led her to the altar, *nothing loth*. Sometime afterwards her late mistress, meeting her, asked her, ‘ Well, Mary, have you rested your bones yet ? ’ ‘ Yes, indeed,’ replied she with a sigh, ‘ I have rested my jaw-bones.’

## LADY'S MISCELLANY.

NEW-YORK, February 2, 1811.

"Be it our task,  
To note the passing tidings of the time.

## EXECUTION.

On Friday the 25th ultimo, were executed according to their sentence, at a short distance from the city, John Frederick Zinckeler for the murder of David Hill, and James Johnson, a black for the murder of Lewis Robinson—Zinckeler was born at Berlin in Prussia, on the 4th of August 1733, by trade a nailmaker, enlisted in the German Service at Brunswick, at the commencement of the American Revolution, arrived in this country, and was captured with Burgoyne at the battle of Saratoga. After which he worked 4 years as an artificer in the American Camp Fishkill Landing. At the close of the war he established a Nail Shop in New York, but his wife (whom he married at Boston) dying about this time he abandoned his shop, since when, until the time of his imprisonment, he has worked about the city as a labourer.—Johnson was born at Great Neck, Long Island, on the 3d of February 1780, a slave, but was liberated about the age of 16, by trade a weaver, but the latter part of his life, was chiefly spent in farming and boating, the latter of which he followed but a short time before his commitment with capt. Hogboom in the North River trade. We are happy to understand that these unfortunate men died truly penitent, trusting until the last in the goodness of their Almighty Creator through the intercession of a merciful Saviour, 'who taketh away the sins of the world'. We were present at the execution, which was conducted by those immediately concerned, with much decorum and solemnity. The shaking of hands between the criminals at the final and awful moment in which they were about to launch into a boundless eternity was truly affecting, and ought to impress upon the reflecting mind, the transitoriness of every thing sublunary.

We trust, their disembodied and immortal spirits speedily greeted each other in a better world. Johnson suffered acknowledging the equity of his sentence, but Zinckeler denied his guilt to the last moment.

On the fourteenth of November last, Francis Baring, esq. of London, nephew to the late celebrated banker of that name, shot himself through the head.—He had been in a state of despondency for some time, the cause of which had been asserted and denied to be pecuniary difficulties, from the depreciation of British funds. The verdict of the inquest was insanity.

## MARRIED.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Williston, Mr. Dyer Brainerd, to Miss Sally Seymour, both of this city.

On Sunday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Milledollar, Mr. Andrew Fash, to the amiable Miss Ann Snow, both of this city.

On Friday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Broadhead, Mr. John S. Stakes, to Miss Keity Kutchins both of this city.

On Wednesday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Coleman, Mr. Joseph Fort, of this city, to the amiable Miss Ann Huberd, of Connecticut.

On Wednesday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Bangs, the rev. Nehemiah Tompkins, to Miss Nancy Sherwood, youngest daughter of Capt. Moses Sherwood, late of this city.

At Albany. John D. P. Dow, to Miss Catharine D. Gansevoort; and John Keirstead, to Miss Nelly Wynekoop.

## DIED,

On Monday last, after a lingering and painful illness, John B. Brooks.

On Thursday 24th inst. after a short illness, Mr. Joseph Wood, late of the Custom House, aged 32 years.

Mrs. Hannah Salkeld, aged 56—and Mr. Henry Goochan.

At his brother's seat, on Staten Island, on the 17th inst. Mr. James Kearney, of Monmouth county, New Jersey.

On Wednesday. Mrs. Rachel Ellison, relict of John Ellison, in the 85th year of her age.

On Wednesday evening, after a lingering illness, Mr. Jacob Lanckenou, aged 61 years, a native of Germany.



"Apollo struck the enchanting Lyre,  
The Muses sung in strains alternate."

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*For the Lady's Miscellany.*



The following Lines are descriptive of the Sensations of a bereaved *Husband*, on visiting the Grave of a recently deceased *Wife*.

THE LONG FAREWELL.

*Sit tibi Terra levis.*

From every glittering, radiant flower that blows,  
And sheds its fragrance round the varied land,  
I cull'd, with choicest care, the opening rose,  
With choicest care I rear'd it to my hand.

Ah ! much lov'd flow'r ! but born to blush unknown,  
' And waste its sweetness on the desert air :—  
Solicitous I 'lur'd her to the town,  
And join'd a husband's to a father's care

Not vain or proud, unconscious of her charms ;  
Though by the *Graces* and the *Vertues* blest ;

A maid unmatch'd—she blest my longing arms—  
Of *Genius, Goddess, Virtue, Taste* possest !

As yet unconscious of the hand of *Time*,  
Which nor her locks had thinn'd nor touch'd her bloom ;  
Ere yet the morn of life had reach'd its prime,  
Disease reduced her to the silent tomb !

There glows the *Evening Star* we oft admir'd ;  
The plants her rural hands had rais'd remain ;  
But the dear object, most of all desir'd,  
The blooming *Flower* of flowers I seek in vain !

Far from the noise of strife, the busy throng,  
Where the low murmuring brook still pours the wave ;  
And lonely footsteps silent pace along,  
The rural *Virtues* have a rural *Grave*.

No foaming cat'rets pour their torrents down,  
The firm earth shaking with tremendous roar ;  
No storms assail, or darkning tempests frown,  
The wild waves dashing on the sea-beat shore :

But calm as was her life her silent bed !  
The gentle waterfall at distance hear ;  
Be flowers and sweet around her ever spread,  
Be peace, and tranquil skies, forever there !

THE IRISH HERO.  
Let no inscription mark my tomb  
Until my country shall be free,

And when emerging from the gloom,  
It sets its foot on tyranny.

When, in the land that gave me birth,  
The patriot may in safety stroll,  
My spirit then will spring to earth,  
And hold communion with the soul.

What honors thicken round the name  
Of him who fought in freedom's  
cause !  
His virtues, on the roll of fame,  
Will claim his country's best ap-  
plause.

He, like a meteor's lambent blaze,  
Will burst upon the astonished sight;  
And e'er he marks its glowing rays,  
The torch of liberty will light.

I craved the boon—but was denied—  
I must not live to see thee free ;  
Erin, farewell ! the hero cried,  
Remember *Emmet* died for thee.  
—Where now alone the cypress gloom,  
Marks to the eye the sacred spot,  
Soon will the laurel deck his tomb,  
Though for a time he seems forgot.

COL.

## TO MY PATRON.

Go, gentle Muse, and tell the Squire,  
Full many a day, through wet and mire,  
I have posted to his gate ;  
How often, with impatience sour  
Full many a dreary tedious hour,  
I have been doom'd to wait ;  
But no one came : O ! gentle Muse ;  
Go tell my friend he has no excuse,  
And I have hopes no more ;  
Save that his kindness may suggest,  
To send a messenger profest,  
To drive me from the door.

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PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY  
SAMUEL B. WHITE,  
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